They sleepen in rest, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a worldes childe:
Who touches Pitch mought needes be defilde.
But shepheards (as Algrind used to say,)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the laye:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Endaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce.
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly souenance he must forelay.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood?
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce:
All will be soone walked with misgouernaunce.
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong cheuisaunce,
Heaping vp waues of welth and woe,
The floddes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is meant,
Euil ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe retorne,

(For

(For ought may happen, that hat
When shepheards had none inhe
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce
But what might arise of the bare
(Were it more or lesse) which the
Well ywis was it with shepheard
Nought hauing, nought feared th
For *Pan* himselfe was their inher
And little them serued for their m
The shephears God so wel them
That of nought they were vnpro
Butter enough, honye, milke, and
And their flockes fleeces, them to
But tract of time, and long prosp
That nource of vice, this of insol
Lulled the shepheards in such secu
That not content with loyall obe
Some gan to gape for greedie go
And match them selfe with migh
Louers of Lordship and trouble
Tho gan shepheards swaines to
And leaue to liue hard, and learne
Tho vnder colour of shepeheards,
There crept in Wolues, ful of fr
That often deuoured their owne
And often the shepheards, that did
This was the first sourse of sheph
That now nill be quitt with baile

PALINODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very
But the fourth to forbeare, is outr
Wemen that of Loues longing o
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they
So when choler is inflamed with
Wanting reuenge, is hard to assu
And who can counsell a thrifty s
With patience to forbeare the of